Che Salt Lake Herald.

THE HERALD COMPANY.

FROM UNREASONABLE MINERS.

Some overzealous American miners have filed a complaint at Washington because the authorities ceded to England a strip of Alaskan territory that was purchased from Russia by the United States. The strip referred to, is the Porcupine district, about twenty miles vide and 100 miles long, 2,000 square miles of American territory turned over to John Bull without any consideration that can be discovered from the record.

It seems not to have occurred to these simple miners that they should really be delighted with such generosity. To be sure, they were not confor a visit to friends in Idaho. sulted, and just as certainly Great Britain had no earthly claim to the strip either in equity or international law. But that is not the question at taught in the Brigham Young co all. Great Britain wanted access to the Pacific at this particular point and Logan, is now teaching in Colonic Plan Movies. could not get it without a grant of land from us. That being the case, it was our "plain duty" to turn over the land and ask no fool questions about

Is it not writ in the rules of the Hay-McKinley-Pauncefote state department that whatever Britain wants from us is hers for the asking? Verily these miners have not learned the A B C of the new American diplomacy; they should buy them Hanna's primer of statemanship, published by John Hay and edited in Lannon. Then they would know better than to kick about such a little thing as the gift of 2,000 square miles of American terri tory to Great Britain.

IMPORTS. EXPORTS AND PROFITS.

The Republicar national committee has sent out a "prosperity" circular for the guidance of Republican editors in the coming campaign. One paragraph contains the keynote, and reads as follows:

In the year 1899 the total foreign business of the United States passed for the st time in our history beyond \$2,000,000,000, and the profits—that is, the excess exports over imports—were nearly \$476,000,000.

This, according to the statement of administration mathematicians, means that we received from abroad \$476,000,000 in gold. But this is manifestly absurd. No such sum came to this country in 1899 or since. In fact, gold has been going abroad ever since the beginning of the South American war. In the first half of 1899 there was an excess of gold imports over gold exports, but it amounted to only \$51,433,000. Since that time the gold has gone the other way until more than twice that amount has been shipped abroad.

Then what did we get? Securities? Has any one heard of \$476,000,000 worth of securities being returned from Europe? The claim is as absurd as that 1,000 tons of gold was sent here last year. No one will insist upon its

can be shown best by historical precedents. When Rome owned most of the known world, her imports were enormous, her exports small. Did that difference represent a balance against her? None but the ignorant make such a claim. She was mistress of the nations. They had to send their grain, their manufactured goods, or the products of mines to Rome. Their exports the city, what would be the first step were much greater than their imports from all sources, but they grew poor "I would go and see Bill Tweed," was the sargefour answer.

ports for forty years. Does Great Britain object to that so-called trade bal- great merriment. ance against her? Does she count the difference a loss? Not much. She knows she is getting our wheat, our corn, our cotton in payment of interest

The American farmer who sold his wheat last year at an average price of 50 cents on the railroad platform, may possibly see a favorable side to the export excess if he is an optimist. The iron and steel trust, which sells its goods abroad at about half the exorbitant price it charges at home, may also like the statistics. Standard Oil magnates evidently approve the balance sheet or Mr. Hanna would not circulate the figures. But eliminating 50-cent wheat, protected iron and steel and Mr. Rockefeller's product, the alleged profits would be more than offset by the draft on America for freight, interest and dividends due Great Britain-all paid by American exports or shipments of gold. And as long as our legislation is controlled in favor of the trusts and the money-lenders at home and abroad, the net result of any trade balance will be the enrichment of the favored few and the impoverishment of the producing multitude.

A TRAITOR TO PIE.

tution and upset the beloved traditions of the people. Mrs. Rorer, in the Ladies' Home Journal, describes the pie in terms of opprobrium that would lead one to think a campaign issue was under discussion. Roosevelt talking about the Democrats is hardly more bitter-or indiscreet.

Listen to this on a cherished confection: "Inside the pie a complex mixture is frequently found," she says. "If it be a mincemeat pie, especially one jar, but in the stomach also, it is doubly bad. If it be a fruit pie, such as cherry or other acid fruit, the cane sugar has been inverted, both by heat and the acid, and we have 'invert' sugar of two sorts, one most prone to fermentation. If this inversion of the sugar had been performed by the ferments of the digestive tract according to nature's plans, we could get from it a greater amount of true food with less expenditure of vital force. Taking into consideration that the heating of the fat by the baking of pie has robbed it of easy assimilation, the surrounded starch grains are more difficult of solution, the 'invert' sugar prone to fermentation, we certainly have wasted our energy and a tremendous amount of blood in the digestion of these materials from which we have gained little."

"Invert" sugar may be a deadly poison, but if it is, there still remain countless thousands of Americans who are willing to risk death by the administration of pie. So long as the crust is crisp and properly done, the stuffin' to taste, the appetite properly on edge and the conscience of the victim clear-the sugar may be invert, conical, spherical or rhomboidal-just so it's sugar and tastes sweet. American pie; hundreds of thousands have seen visions that would never have come to them without pie; some have endured tortures from dyspepsia and some have waxed and grown fat on such diet; but no true patriot has ever yet been ready to see it abolished from the list

Mrs. Rorer may go to. The pie is here to stay whether we want it to stay

PERVERTING THE SCHOOLS.

That was an interesting revelation from Washington, printed in Sunday's Herald, concerning the circulation of Anti-Boer literature by the government bureau of education. The documents were prepared by the "Imperial South African association of London" and sent out as official communications of the United States government in the guise of an educational treatise. In other words, the public school system of the United States is being used for campaign purposes to "educate" American citizens into the belief that the war on the Boers is a righteous war, and that the administration's espousal of the British policy is justified by the facts.

If the national Republican committee saw fit to circulate these documents in defense of the administration there would, perhaps, be less cause for criticism; but the committee has too much political sense to risk the certain condemnation at the polls that would follow such a course in the face of public sentiment, which is almost unanimously with the Boers. To evade responsibility, therefore, and to give the documents an official stamp, they have prostituted a government bureau to their purpose. Whether this is evidence of a secret alliance with Britain or not, it is a dastardly perversion of the purpose for which the bureau of education was established and it will meet with the swift condemnation it deserves.

The American people will stand a good deal in the name of politics, but the party that attempts to debase the schools to the level of a ward-heelers' convention is inviting disaster at the polls.

"Judging from the names of those so far mentioned for congressional honors this fall, the Republican party of Utah is pretty hard up for a candidate," remarks the Price Advocate. Editor Crockett has set his standard too high. Here we have James Trust Hammond, Jim Devine and Expansion Bill to choose from and either is the fittest kind of a representative of Utah McKinleyism, although we rather favor Bill as the typical exponent of gold and glory.

The liabilities of the commercial failures in the United States during July of this year were about double those of last year, according to Dun's Review; more mills are closing and the number of unemployed is constantly increasing. But these distressing circumstances cannot check the prosperity shrickers. They have enlisted for the campaign and do not propose to be disturbed by little things like facts.

Another ship has reached Seattle with a ton or two of gold aboard. Seattle says so and that settles it. But if all the gold Seattle reports were to reach the mint, there'd be a wail for the demonetization of the yellow metal inside of a year. It takes more than press dispatches to make coin of the realm.

If the tax assessor will just keep tab on the gentlemen who are making bets on the election, he will discover a good deal of wealth that has not reached the assessment lists. But he is apt, also, to discover a good many men who are betting "the other fellow's money."

Congressman Grosvenor's famous prophecy bureau has been compelled to ouit business. The Shanghai correspondent of the London papers made the bureau fairy tales look as lonesome as a Georgia watermelon at a colored camp-meeting.

Roosevelt hasn't lost control of his mouth for almost a week. Has Mark

put a time lock on it?

SOCIETY NOTES.

ill at St. Mark's hospital for the past six weeks, has removed to the Knuts-ford, where she will receive her

Mrs. Kissick, mother of Mrs. Pinkerton, leaves Thursday for San Diego, Cal., where she will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. W. T. Atkin entertained Miss oulger, Mr. Fairbanks and Mrs. Blunt Foulger, Mr. Fairbanks and Mrs. Blunt and daughter, all of Ogden, yesterday.

Miss Fannie Willumsen will spend a few days at Wasatch the coming week Miss Lizzie Casady of the Paris Mil-

Miss Bertha Wilsken, who form Blan, Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Parker and a... and Mrs. Van Beebe have returned from a short stay at the Old Arm

SHORT STORIES.

Tweed Made Lawyers.

(Youth's Companion.)
In the worst days of New York politics, when "Boss." Tweed flourished and made money for himself and his friends, he found it occasionally convenient that some of his supporters who had never had a legal education should be admitted to practice in the courts. The process of admission was then an examination to be hald in open court to test the qualifications of the applicants, but Tweed guarded against all possible difficulties by securing the appointment to the examining board of judges in sympathy with his methods. The author of "Thirty Years of New York Politics" gives a report of one of these "special" examinations. (Youth's Companion.)

Judge Barnard was in the chair. The

Judge Barnard was in the chair. The first applicant was a state senator who had never seen a "Kent" or a "Blackstone" in his life. With mock gravity the judge put him through a catechism which it is said ran as follows:

Q.—Senator, do you know there is such a thing as a state constitution?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Well, then, if a proposed bil! came up for consideration, which you knew was in violation of the constitution, what would you do?

A.—I would move to suspend the constitution, same as we sometimes suspend the rules of the senate to pass a bill.

"Stand aside," said the judge, with a smile. "You will make a profound lawyer."

the sagacio us answer. "You will make your mark as a cor-poration lawyer," said the judge, amidst

Not in the House.

(Kansas City Journal.)

The renomination of Judge Gantt for the supreme bench by the Democrats of Sedalia the other day recalled to J. West Goodwin a funny incident which was a feature of the convention which gave that distinguished jurish his first nomination at St. Joseph ten years ago. Goodwin relates it thus: While walting for the reports of committees various statesmen were called upon to pour out wisdom and solace to the perspiring delegates, between which the band would give them "Dixle." time after time, until the crowd became restless for something new and called for "Rooney." "Rooney." "Rooney." "Rooney." "Rooney." "Rooney." "Rooney." "Rooney." Judge Benton raised from his seat and advanced to the table in front of him, brought a huge gavel down with a thump that commanded immediate attention. He said in tones little less than an army mule would call for fodder: "If Mr. Rooney is in the house he will please come forward and address the delegates, as they seem anxious to hear him."

A wave of merriment swent over the assembled munittude, and one long and continued shout went up that could have been heard over in Kansas on the west and beyond the confines of Pateetown on the east. When the convention adjourned that night Judge Benton visited a music store and secured a copy of the popular melody, "Annie Rooney," and studied up on current music.

Ned Hanlan's Speech.

(Chicago News.)

Ned Hanlan's Speech. (Chicago News.)

Ned Hanlan's Speech.

(Chicago News.)

Edward Hanlan, ex-champion oarsman of the world, relates a good story of how he delivered a speech after winning his second race in England. His first victory had found him unprepared. He was ready for his second with a speech, composed for him by a newspaper friend, neatly copied out on paper and stored away for use in his coat pocket. When the crowdoutside the clubhouse insisted upon seeing and hearing the winner, he was helped out upon a window ledge by his friends and held there by the coattails and the legs. The crowd cheered him wildly. He was too confused to speak. They cheered him again. He threw out his hand in a gesture of helplessness and moved his lips in some inaudihle mumble of apology for his inability to deliver a speech. They could not hear, on account of the noise that they were themselves making, but they encouraged him with generous appiause. He saw his escape and proceeded to shake his head and work his lips in a fine frenzy of oratory, gesticulating eloquently and smiling his thanks. The noisy and good natured crowd cheered him to the echo and his friends drew him in from his precarious position on the window dedge, "You carried that crowd along in style." they congratulated him; "what did you say? We couldn't hear you." "Yes, give us an idea of your speech," the reporters put in, drawing out their note books. Hanlan took the manuscript from his pocket. "Here's the whole thing," he said, "do you want it all?" "Well, rather." they answered, "that speech made a hit."

He Filled the Bill.

(Washington Post.)

There was a faggot party on a Georgetown lawn one evening not long ago. Of course, you know what a faggot party is a party where every guest is expected to contribute to the evening's entertainment a song or a recitation or an anecdote or something equally diverting. There was voting at the end of the evening as to whose story had been best and the prize fell to a girl who lives on Maryland avenue. This is the story she told, and she said the man in it was an uncle of hers in Utlca. N. Y. He has a wife of the ultra good housekeeper sort, and one evening she sent him down ceilar with a pitcher to draw some cider. The cellar steps were dark and steep. His foot slipped on the second, and down he went like an avalanche. The housewife heard the noise and ran to the top of the stairs to peer down at the bruised and battered man at the bottom.

"Did you break the pitcher, George?" she asked, anxiously.

George glared up fiercely through the dim light.

"No, drat the blamed thing," he howled.
"I didn't break it, but, by Jinks, I will." (Washington Post.) oim light.
"No, drat the blamed thing," he howled.
"I didn't break it, but, by Jinks, I will."
And forthwith he smashed the treasured pitcher to smithereens on the cement floor.

The Sultan.

(Syracuse Herald.) Abdul Hamid smiled and blew the blue wreaths of his cigarette ceilingward.
"No," he said, "I am not an advocate
of peace. Let there be war and plenty
of it." Why are you thus minded?" asked the

foreign diplomat. "Why, so long as the powers are on war's edge with each other they won't have time to remember our little indebt-The diplomat quietly tore up his bill and went back to his legation.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Yesterday's Record at the Local Office

- of the Weather Bureau. Maximum temperature, 87 degrees; mir maximum temperature, 37 degrees; minimum temperature, 70 degrees; mean temperature, 78 degrees, which is the normal. Accumulated deficiency of temperature since 1st of month, 1 degree; accumulated excess of temperature since Jan. 1, 742 degrees. Total precipitation from 6 p. m. to 6 p. m., none. Accumulated excess of precipitation since 1st of month, 08 inch; accumulated deficiency of precipitation since Jan. 1, 4.10 inches.

Daddy's Definition.

(Baltimore American.) Johnny-Paw, what is conscience?
Paw-Conscience, my son, is something that we always think should bother the other fellow.

BEATEN BY THE CABLE.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)
General Greely has just passed through Chicago on his way to Alaska to build for the United States government a telegraph line that will connect the Yukon country with the outside world. In speaking of the project it is stated that his trip will mark the pioneer work of erecting a wire for this purpose in the frozen regions. This is perhaps a pardonable error. But still it is an error.

In the spring of the year 1890 Lieuten-Mrs. S. H. Pinkerton, who has been is perhaps a pardonable error. But still it is an error.

In the spring of the year 1890 Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, the well known explorer, along with two or three misguided young newspaper men who had wild visions of plucking fame out of the arctic wastes, started north from Vancouver into the Yukon country on what was destined to be his last long trip before his death, which occurred two years later in Portland, Ore. Schwatka had promised to show the boys something wild in the way of scenery, and he kept his word. But that's a digression. For four months the party, starting from what is now Lake Bennett, a sheet of water that the Yukon gold discoveries have brought itno prominence, circled through the great unexplored territory to the east and north, taking delight in the wonders that revealed themselves and marveling at their leader's skill in handling and making friends with the natives.

marveling at their leader's skill in handling and making friends with the natives.

One afternoon camp was pitched about a mile from the southwesterly edge of Lake Teslin, and there the party settled for a rest of four or five days. The nine native carriers, as was their custom, wandered round a few miles from camp to mingle with any Indians they could find. One morning, standing at the entrance to the tents, a swarm of twenty or thirty half Aleut, half Siwash, people, peculiar to the region, gathered and began to explain in excited language that they had come to barrier. Schwatka yelled to them to get away, and kept up his demands till he happened to pop his head out of his tent and saw what the material was that they had to trade with.

He was up and in front of them in a moment. The stiuff consisted of a dozen skilffully woven baskets worked in heavy copper wire. The lieutenant was a "mineral fiend," and he had the fever, if ever anybody had. He had no conception that there was gold in Alaska, though the party had tramped twice over what was destined in a few years to become one of the greatest gold bearing localities in the world. But here, before his eyes, was a pile of pure virgin copper, worked up by these natives into fancy shapes.

"Where did this come from?" he asked them eagerly.

"Prom Clataquo sound."

these natives into fancy shapes.

"Where did this come from?" he asked them eagerly.

"From Clataquo sound."

Schwatka nearly had heart disease. The sound was on the tide water of the Pacific ocean—which meant that the copper beds were easy of access to the cheapest form of transportation in existence.

"If you will lead me to where this stuff came from," he said, "you shall have two guns and 200 cartridges."

Well, that was how the party found itself three weeks later on the shores of Clataquo. The great copper mine was a myth. The baskets were made of pure metal ail right. But the metal was a portion of the old Russian-American telegraph line that had been abandoned twenty-tive years before, and left standing when the engineers, downcast and broken-hearted, heard from the ticker attachment in the virgin forest the fateful words;

"Abandon everything. The Atlantic cable is a success. We are beaten."

One of the failures that deserves to go

Moscow to the Pacific, but that the Russian bureau of telegraphs, solely on the strength of Mr. Collins' personal assurances, had actually begun the construction of the section lying between the great cities of Kazan and Irkutsk. That was in 1862.

At the time the enterprise was broached the Pacific coast, amid general rejoicings, had become connected with the eastern states by a telegraph line. The California State Telegraph company was operating a wire of its own from San Francisco to Vancouver. The distance from this latter point to Bering straits is 1,360 miles, and the strait itself, over which a small cable was to pass, was thirtynine miles wide, with a maximum depth of 160 feet.

The American division of the work was taken in hand by the Western Union and begun at the close of 1863. Surveying parties were sent out from Vancouver and soon had a track mapped from there to Fort Alexander, and thence to the Yukon river and Fort Fraser. The 500 miles of unexplored wilderness between the Fraser and Stickeen rivers was traversed by these brave surveyors on snow shoes in the dead of winter, and after seventy days of terrible hardships they reached the banks of the Simpson river. By the end of the following summer the line, well strung on substantial poles, had actually been brought through to this point. The labor involved in the work can hardly be conceived, except perhaps by those argonauts of late years who have wrestled with the problems of transportation in northern regions. The beginning of the summer of 1865 saw the line, stretching along the banks of the great Skeena river and thence across almost in a straight line to Fort Pelly. Get ont your atlas and see what a work like that must have involved.

In the midst of it all. 850 miles north of New Westminster, they attached the instruments to the end of the line one morning to give the usual daily greeting to Vancouver. The message they got in reply must have seemed like a sentence of death. The heroism, the self-sacrifice, the lonely vigils in the snow, the hunger and the suffering—useless sacrifices every one.

and the suffering—useless sacrifices every one.

The mammoth steamship Great Eastern that left an English part one day with an enormous coil of cable material in her hold carried with her also, although her skipper knew it not, the wreck of many a future and many an ambition.

The money loss was very great. The line was left standing just as it had been built. And the natives have made playthings for barter out of what was once destined to be the link between the old world and the new.

JOHN R. RATHOM.

One on Her. (Philadelphia Press.) "Here's the clockmaker come to fix our

sitting room clock," said the funny man's "won't you go up and get it for wife: "won't you go up and get it for him?" "Why, it isn't upstairs, is it?" replied course it is. Where did you think it was?" "Oh, I thought it had run down."

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JUST AT DAWN.

(Chicago Daily News) Sixteen tomcats mixed in a fray
Out on the fence at the break of day;
Just as the lamps and the stars went out
And only the form of a cop was about—
Just at dawn!

Sixteen sashes on each dwelling side Fly on their pulicys away up and wide. Fly with the din of a mountain-road train, With cuatter of woodwork and rattle of Just at dawn!

Sixteen heads of dishevelled hair, Flung to the breeze of the new crispy air;
Three of the sixteen caught by the neck, Hurl out words like skippers on deck-Just at dawn!

Umbreilas, mats and brass curtain hooks; Sixteen lives extinguished with pain, But one hundred and thirty-five still re-Just after dawn!

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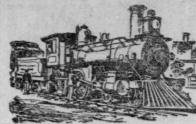
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